Great Bittains Joy,

AND

Good News for the NETHERLANDS.

Or an Honourable *Peace* Concluded betwixt *England* and *Holland*, upon the 9th. of *February*, which was proclaimed in *Holland* upon the 24th. day with all imaginable Joy, and in *London* upon the 25th. day of the same Month, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen being present, with the Heraulds at armes in their formalities, with five of the Kings Maces, besides my Lord Mayor's: and many thousands of people thronging to express their joy for so great a happiness as all true Subjects shall reap thereby.

Tune of, *Digby's* Farewel.

COme all Loyal Subjects I pray you draw neer,
For here is glad tydings your hearts for to cheer,
Now England and Holland doth shake hands again,
No more we shall thump it upon the salt Main,
The Pike, and the Musquet, the Trumpet and Drum,
Shall all be laid by, now the business is done;
Then let no more Wars in our Nation be nam'd,
For now to our comfort the Peace is Proclaim'd.

The last February the twenty fourth day,
In Holland the Peace was Proclaim'd, and they say,
Such loud acclamations of joy there was shown,
The like in that Country before ne'r was known,
From th' highest to th' lowest their joys did abound,
Their sorrows in Brandy most freely they drown'd:
Then, &c.

The twenty eight day, here in London likewise,
We had it proclaimed with shouts and with cryes.
The Show it was splendid as e're it could be,
And all things performed with great gallantry,
The Streets and Belconies so thronged they were,
That happy was he could come nigh for to hear:
Then, &c,

The rest of the day was concluded with joy,
The Bells in all Parishes rung merrily,
The Bonefire flames mounted up to the skies,
And plenty of liquor was every man's prize,
The Rich and the poor did all play their parts,
For all were concerned, there was no sad hearts;
Then let no more wars in our Nation be nam'd
For now to our comfort a Peace is proclaim'd

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OUr Merchantmen now they may freely spread sail
And Trade to the Indies with a merry gale,
The Pickaroon Capers no more they need fear,
The Seas shall be quiet, and all shall be clear,
With costly rich lading they shall return back,
And bring our young Ladies fine toys which they lack;
Then let no more Wars in our Nation be nam'd,
For now to our comfort the Peace is proclaim'd.

The Shopkeepers they shall have Trading good store,
And money more plentiful be then before,
Their Wares they shall buy at an easier rate,
And have better times for to get an estate;
Likewise the poor Tradsmen no more shall be sad,
For he shall have work enough to make him glad:
Then, &c.

The Country-man no more shall complain,
For he shall have money come in for his Grain,
Their Hearts shall be easie, and wealth it shall flow,
And they be encouraged to plow and to sow,
Nay, that which is more, all their joys to encrease,
Before it be long their great Taxes will cease:
Then, &c.

Poor men shall no more be afraid of a Press,
Nor forc'd to leave Children and Wife in distress,
They need not hereafter in holes for to lurk,
But boldly and freely may follow their work,
The Seamen and Souldiers their limbs shall not lose:
But briskly and merrily drink of their bowse:
Then, &c.

All neighbouring Nations shall likewise rejoyce,
With whom we have comerce for wares that are choice.
We shall not repine now for want of a Trade,
Which late in this Nation so much was decay'd,
For plenty and peace they do always agree,
And produce good times, and days of Jubile:
Then, &c.

Then welcome sweet Peace to our Albion shore,
I hope dreadful Wars shall no more us no more,
The fruits of our labour with joy we shall reap,
And that which was dear we shall now have it cheap;
Then let us praise God that such blessings doth bring,
And always prove loyal and true to our King;
And let no more Wars in our Nation be nam'd,
For now to our comfort the Peace is proclaim'd.

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